

*Mr. Charnworth*

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## A STAR IN THE DARK.

"You may call it foolish and romantic, if you like, but I repeat that I could more easily forget one great fault, committed under strong temptation and foreign to the natural disposition, than a series of petty meannesses springing from and belonging to the character."

Thus spoke Helen Travers to her sister, Mrs. Cunningham, and the thread of their discourse is taken up where first it was overheard. It was a strange spot for anything like a "confidential" "sentimental" conversation to take place; but every one must have observed that subjects of interest often arise in the most unexpected manner.

The two ladies having mistaken the hour at which a morning concert was to commence, had arrived somewhat too early, and consequently taken their seats before any others were occupied. Perhaps, warming with the subject under discussion, they had not observed the two or three stragglers that from time to time dropped in, and certainly had not heard the footfall of a gentleman who entered and seated himself immediately behind them just at that moment when some of the attendants were making a prodigious din in their rearrangement of the benches near the orchestra.

"I could not have married a man in whom I did not take pride," replied Mrs. Cunningham; "I am very sorry for people who have been led away to do anything wrong, but they must take the consequences of their own conduct; certainly anything like disgrace, or the world's censure, falling upon my husband would crush me to the earth."

"Not if his fault were the one fault of a life," resumed Helen; "not if you

loved him very dearly. Nay, I think his very suffering would draw you more together. I have a theory that the very happy do not love half so deeply as those who have known sorrow."

"I call such ideas perfect nonsense."

"I know you do," replied her sister, with a faint smile, and playing as she spoke with the fringe of her shawl.

"Any one would think to hear you talk, that you had fallen in love with some scapegrace or another, and was seeking to excuse your folly."

"Susan! you know that I have never felt anything more lasting than a passing fancy, which one shakes off, just as waking up from a dream."

"How should I know?"

"Then believe—I would not deceive you. Though three-and-twenty, indeed I dread being an old maid far less than an ill-assorted union."

Helen Travers turned her head as she spoke, and though she did not perceive the stranger, he caught the profile of her animated countenance. But the audience were by this time arriving, and the sisters drew nearer together to make room for new comers. There was an end to their conversation of course.

Notwithstanding a certain family likeness, a look that was caught now and then, the sisters were very different. The elder, Mrs. Cunningham, was far more beautiful, if exquisitely chiselled features and a brilliant complexion could make her so. But though quick and clever, even witty and accomplished, she was deficient in sentiment and powers of imagination; was a lover of detail, and therefore despised, because it was to her incomprehensible, the higher and generalising mind.

A thoroughly worldly education had

completed her character and rendered her a cold-hearted, selfish woman, without enough of heart to feel the necessity of affection, and yet possessing an insatiable vanity that fed on universal admiration. Her sister formed a perfect contrast. With features less regular, her countenance was changeful as the sea; for it mirrored every thought and feeling as they swelled up from her woman's heart.

Early removed from the influence of worldly-minded parents, she had been reared by a widowed aunt, a high-minded woman, who had sought and found the sweetest solace for her own early bereavement in the artless nature of her young relative. Although by no means a stranger to the metropolis, or to society, the country had been Helen's home. Her young heart expanded beneath the influence of nature; her taste had been refined, her fancy quickened by it; and though she read much, she had time and leisure to think more.

In short she was a fine natural character, as little warped as possible by the prejudices of the selfish and the conventionalities of society. Death had, a year before, deprived her of her more than mother, and the independence which this relative had bequeathed to her, while it rendered her an object of envy to her unmarried sisters, seemed to her own heart no consolation for her irreparable loss.

But the stranger who had overheard those few sentences which, to a thoughtful mind revealed a world of knowledge, what of him!

He had come to that morning concert simply to enjoy music in which he delighted; yet so absorbed did he become in some all-engrossing thoughts that the sweet sounds which he had sought to hear fell upon his soul only, from time to time, as chimes that harmonised with his reflections, whatever they might be, and were only remembered afterwards by the power of association which linked some peculiar cadence with a thought, a dream, a memory, or with a moment when his attention had been roused by some expressions of pleasure or admiration in the sweetest voice he had ever heard—the voice of Helen Travers. He was

not what boarding-school girls and youth in their teens call young, for he must have reached five or six-and-thirty; and, according to such high authority, he had passed the age of romance and the capabilities of a sudden love; and yet in those two hours he drank deeply of the draught as ever did mortal man. A strange and awful youth had checked and driven back the tide of emotions which belonged to its epoch; only that it might swell now with the concentrated might of a loftier sentiment, a chastened tenderness, and restrained passion. He would—ere half that time had expired—have perilled life to touch her ungloved hand, or to caress the light ringlet which floated from time to time beyond her bonnet!

It seemed, too, that fortune was to favour him, for friends came, and addressed Mrs. Cunningham by name; mutual introductions elicited that of Helen. He had but to follow them to their door; and now he knew who she was and where she lived. This he did with wonderful calmness. People always are calm on really great occasions; except, indeed, people who are themselves too small ever to make or understand them.

Well—the pigmy soul escapes through the entangling meshes which fate weaves for mankind, into the outer void of mere animal existence; they are the strong of heart and quick of sense who are retained to play great parts in the struggle of life and the war of the passions. And yet, and yet, oh mystery of humanity! who that has suffered deeply has not felt that in the depths of anguish there is a pulse which vibrates not with pain! Feebly, and rather as the first faint promise of a future joy than the flicker of an expiring power, but still to console, still to whisper, "Peace, peace; better thus than not to feel!"

So felt William Johnson—for by that common name must the stranger be known—so felt he in the hour of endurance, when that strong man writhed in silent, lonely agony on the floor of the gorgeous apartment of which he was master.

Three days afterwards the stranger of

the concert-room was formally introduced to Helen Travers at the house of a mutual friend. Three months from that date let us listen to their words; they had been betrothed for weeks. The scene was a drawing-room in an antique country house. Both were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

"I have but one care, William, one sorrow in this world," exclaimed Helen, pressing the hand which had fondly clasped hers between his own. "Oh, why this concealment! You are free to do as you will, and so am I; though good, and generous, and true, and rich," she added with a smile, "as you are, my family, you well know, would receive you with open arms!"

"The time is come; be seated," he replied, in a tremulous voice, and releasing her hand with a gesture that might have been, but was not, mistaken for coldness. And while Helen sank on a neighbouring couch, he leaned his arm for support on the opposite side of the mantelpiece. His countenance was pale as ashes, but his voice grew more steady, as he proceeded.

"The first time I saw you," he continued, "I heard you say you could more readily forgive the one great fault of a life than habitual meanness of character. I have two sins to confess ere I would wed you—as I might do, and you never know them. You see, if I am my own accuser, I also make the most of my virtues; therefore do I take some credit for enforcing secrecy till I had summoned strength for the confession. For if you reject me, and sorrow in the act, I believe you would rather not take the cold world into your confidence. And yet, Helen, if there be solace in revealing what I tell you, be free as air to do so, if you will. Life would be so worthless, the betrayal of my secret would be but as a feather, weighed against the sweet thought of assuaging your sorrow."

"You frighten me," murmured Helen, struggling with emotion.

"In mercy," he exclaimed, "not tears—yet I will be brief. One of my sins has been wooing you with the dark knowledge in my breast that a crime of my early life and its consequences might well be considered an insuper-

able obstacle to our union. Oh, forgive me this—this at least!" And he flung himself on his knees before her and buried his face in her garments.

"What terror is to come? Quick—quick; in pity tell me!"

"No; forgive me this last fault first!"

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and her hand leaned heavily on his shoulder. The act unnerved him, and a shower of tears rained from his eyes. "Tell me," again she whispered.

"I cannot yet. Bear with me."

"Then I will guess."

"Ah, do."

With a shudder she put each fearful question, she began,—“Have you shed human blood, protected by the law of honour, and feel that now you are a murderer?”

"I never raised my arm in anger against aught that has breath; I never so much as kicked a snarling cur from my path."

"Have you been a false friend, deceiving where you were trusted?"

"I cannot recall to mind a lie I ever told."

Once more Helen's hand sought that of her lover, but she withdrew it as a terrible thought rushed to her mind. She paused ere she could give it words. At last she said: "Have you been guided by the code of man's moralities, and won a heart only to fling it from you, or—been guilty of the deeper, darker wrong still?"

"My conscience is singularly free from all such stains. They who do these things speak not of them as crimes," and he looked up and met the tearful gaze of Helen Travers, without his own lids drooping.

"Then I will wed you!" she exclaimed, "and only as your wife will learn this dreadful secret."

"You will?" and William Johnson started to his feet as one who had received an electric shock.

"I will."

For a moment she yielded to his embrace, but he released her quickly. "You would so wed me," he exclaimed, "but you shall not. The dear memory of your words is a happiness fate cannot take from me; it gives me strength

to complete the tragedy. Listen. These limbs have borne the manacles the law furnishes to the convicted thief; this form has quailed in the felon's dock beneath the callous stare of the stranger multitude; but even then I did not lie. I owned that I had stolen means to purchase food for a famishing mother. The name which I have dared to ask you to bear is for ever enrolled in the chronicles of crime. The convict crossed the seas, and was a slave for the seven brightest years of his youth. Helen—Miss Travers, you do not faint or scream, or wither me with a look. Only tears, quiet, common tears! Are you woman or angel!"

"Be calm, and tell me all."

"You will believe I meant to replace the note I—I—stole, though the judge would not credit my story. This is all I have to tell; for why should I picture the haunting presence of a memory, and the worthlessness of a wealth which descended to me from a relative who exposed my youth to temptations, and left my mother to perish?"

"The future—the happy future. May it make you forget the past!—Willie!"

"Helen!"

At her feet once more; but now with childlike sobs, and breathing passionate exclamations, and fervent blessings.

It was the next day, and the burst of tumultuous joy had given place to a serener happiness on the part of William Johnson, while a softer and more thoughtful expression reigned in the face of Helen.

"I have a compact to propose," said she, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up calmly, yet affectionately, in his face. "Let us for the future speak not of this dark thing, except indeed there be just necessity and occasion for renewing the subject. Let it be a sacred deposit, of which each has the key, but do not suffer it to belong to our lives or thought of it. Thus may time heap bright realities to hide and stifle these smouldering ashes. You tell me that your name has been to you a shelter from suspicion; that your secret rests with one tried and

trusted friend; and that the world, among its common blunders, deems your love of retirement the spirit of pride and exclusiveness. I will but look at the result of the leisure that retirement has afforded, the cultivated intellect, and the habits of single enjoyment. Yet whence came your enlarged sympathies with humanity? These are not fostered by hermit-like retirement."

"Can you ask? You are silent. I need not tell you how much is known intuitively by one who has erred and suffered."

"And expiated!"

Ah, deep the meaning of that word which burst spontaneously from the heart which felt aright! Deeper and higher, more world-embracing such wisdom than aught that was ever extracted by the casuistry of the schools. The merciful God by his instruments, the mysteries of inexhaustible nature, heals the wounds and lesser ills of the body until it becomes whole again. And must the wounds of the soul fester forever? What is man that he dares pluck hope from the breast of his fellow? And is not the punishment he inflicts for crime but Satan's work on earth, except so far as it prevents, amends—and through the suffering and amendments expiates? The poet paints what should be in the future for all who have the virtue to repent and the energy to atone. May we prove the poet prophet!

Of the myriad real tragedies which are hidden behind the veil of conventional life, not a few are there in which woman plays the part of a ministering angel; and builds, amid the wreck of happiness, a saving ark by the spell of her trusting faith, and a wisdom that is of the heart!

#### WHAT A BOY DID.

A DUKE, walking in his garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a great work on mathematics lying on the grass, and, thinking it had been brought from his library, called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me," said the gardener's son, stepping up.

"Yours!" cried the duke; "Do you understand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The duke having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad; "one does not need to know anything more than the *twenty-four letters* in order to learn everything else one wishes." But the gentleman wanted to know more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy, "the masons came to work on your house; I noticed the architect used a rule and compasses, and made a great many calculations. What was the meaning and use of that? I asked; and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books and learned geometry. Then I found there were better books about these sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary and learned Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French. I got a dictionary and learned French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the *twenty-four letters* of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are contented to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, with not pluck nor perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more, and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found it afterwards in the Duke of Argyll, under whose patronage he pursued his studies and became a distinguished mathematician.

"Stone's Mathematical Dictionary"—for Stone was the young gardener's name—was a celebrated book published in London some years ago.

## SKETCH OF ROBERT COLLYER.

BY HIMSELF.

I WAS born at Haworth, England, near where the Brontes lived, in 1823. I landed in New York twenty-nine years ago, in the middle of May. I left England the day after I was married. My wedding trip lasted just twenty-one years, my wife and I returning at the end of that time to see our friends. We arrived in New York on a Saturday, and the following Monday started for Philadelphia, reaching there on Tuesday. I secured work on the following day at Shoemakertown, just outside of Philadelphia, in Montgomery County, and there I remained for nine years, leaving the anvil in Hammond's shop to go to Chicago to preach in 1859. I brought with me from England letters from the Methodist Church and presented them to the Methodists at Milestown, a place not far from Shoemakertown, and where I became what is known as a local preacher. We used to have a lyceum in the Shoemakertown school house, where we discussed with much gravity questions of politics and religion. I remember one of the questions was, "Does the Indian or Negro receive the worst usage at the hands of the American people?" Of course we talked on important questions of a general character, such, for instance, as "Which are the most beautiful, the works of Art or the works of Nature?"

We were tugging away at this great question when Edward M. Davis, the son-in-law of Lucretia Mott, came in and proposed the question, "Are the Garrisonian Abolitionists entitled to the confidence of the American people?" Now I was a gradual emancipationist, and believed in the influence of the Church and the growth of morality to end slavery some time before the millennium; so I took that side, while Davis talked unconditional emancipation. Our party had the stongest backing, but Edward had the better side, and he whipped us.

Lucretia Mott, who had recently removed to that neighbourhood, attended some of the meetings, and took part in the discussions, in her quiet, solid,

Quakerly way. I thought I was great in the Bible, and that Edward was weak, so I believed I had him; but Lucretia turned out to be far ahead of anything I knew about the Scriptures, as they touched the great vital questions before the lyceum. I soon saw that I was on the wrong side, and promptly went over into the ranks of the Garrisonian Abolitionists.

Mrs. Mott never stopped at the point at which we expected she would stop in discussing any questions, but launched out in other directions and threw new light on many dark subjects. I gradually began to see that my confidence on many points was leaving me. I could not feel sure any longer about total depravity, and I got to doubting the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Soon after I went to hear Dr. Furness in Philadelphia. His sermon was a great revelation of the human side of Jesus. After some reflection I began to teach that side in my sermons. The folks got a little scared. One of them came to me, I remember, and asked me if I had given up the divinity of Christ. I said I did not think so, but it was true that I had taken up his humanity.

About that time, also, I began to go with the Garrisonian Abolitionists, came here to New York in 1857 to the May meeting, opened the meeting with prayer, which Garrison always invited from any one who had a prayer in his heart. Some of us used to go out into different parts of the country and hold meetings also.

During all this time I was a Methodist local preacher, working through the week at the anvil supporting myself, and preaching on Sunday. But I felt myself gradually becoming estranged from the Methodist faith.

I found that the sympathies of the preachers generally lay on the pro-slavery side, and I could not stand it.

It hurt me to see the coloured people kept away from the sacrament until all the white folks had been there and got through. The noblest black man had no show against the meanest white man, and we had mean white men, as every denomination has. I got to talking more liberally than the people liked.

At last I began to feel that I was not where I ought to be any more, and I became greatly distressed over it.

Finally, at the quarterly meeting in January, 1859, when I was to have my license renewed as a local preacher, the presiding elder said he wanted to examine me on the Articles of Faith, and the first question put to me was whether I thought it was consistent with my profession as a Methodist to go to infidel conventions and occupy infidel pulpits; for I had preached once or twice for Dr. Furness in Philadelphia.

I said I had made up my mind on that point, had tried to look at the thing fairly and had come to the conclusion that the Garrisonian Abolitionists and men like Dr. Furness were the real Christians; and that if there were any infidels around they belonged to our own church. The presiding elder asked me to give them some idea as to what I really did believe. I said that for one thing I did not believe in eternal damnation; I believed that there would be just as good a show for human souls on the other side as there is on this, and probably a little better. I said further that I did not believe in the doctrine of human depravity, nor in the *literal* inspiration of the Bible and its *infallibility*. I thought that there were, perhaps, faults in it, and we should get the truth out of it as we get gold out of the mine and refine it. He asked, "What do you believe about these Unitarians you have been preaching for?" I replied, "I believe that a good Unitarian will go to Heaven as straight as a good Methodist." "Then," he said, "it is evident, Brother Collyer, that you are not a Methodist." I answered that that had been my suspicion. "We cannot renew your license," said the presiding elder. "I do not want you to," I answered; "I think it had better stop;" and so it was duly announced that I had left the Methodist Church.

George Noyes was at that time a Unitarian minister in Chicago. He had started a kind of mission there. His health would not permit him to stay in Chicago any longer, and they wanted a man to take that work.

I had met at Dr. Furness's house, in

Philadelphia, a gentleman who edited the *Christian Enquirer* in this city. The people in Chicago wrote to him asking if he knew of anybody who would be likely to go out there and take charge of the mission. He replied that Dr. Furness knew of a man, a sort of liberal Methodist. I was spoken to about it, and went off right away. I wanted to be saying something, and doing something besides making ham-mers, and it seemed providential to me that I should be called to such a post. I went out in less than a month, and carried on the work for about four years. Mr. Noyes left Chicago about the time I reached there, and came to New York. His pulpit was vacant, and I preached as supply sometimes. Then there was a little congregation organised on the North Side for a Unitarian Church, but they had no minister or preacher. They occasionally invited me over to preach to them, and I went. They soon built a new church, and called me to be their minister. The church grew, and the mission was still on my hands, and the time soon arrived when I had to determine, in the multiplicity of things requiring my time, whether I would keep on in the mission or go to the Unity Church. I took the advice of Dr. Bellows and many other friends, gave up the mission and took the church. A new church was built in 1867, costing 210,000 dols. We had been in it about twenty months when it all burnt up and there was nothing left of it but stones. I had been preaching on the Sunday night of the fire about the desolation I had seen in Paris resulting from the uprising of the Commune, and the next day we had nothing to show of our church but smoking ruins. But we rebuilt it; and when I left Chicago the other day our church was out of debt and we had 73 dols. surplus in the treasury.

Mr. Collyer said in conclusion that the only reason why he is induced to leave Chicago is on account of the health of his wife and youngest son, the latter having been an invalid for four years. There is no hope of restoring his wife's health, he said, while she continues to reside in a western climate, and hence

his reluctant withdrawal from his present charge. He will not remove to New York, however, until this month—September.

### A TEACHER'S MISTAKES.

It is a mistake to try to teach without having good order.

It is a mistake to suppose that children like to have their own way at school.

It is a mistake to think that order means perfect quiet or stillness.

It is a mistake to try to startle a class into being orderly.

It is a mistake for the teacher to try to drown the noise of his pupils by making a greater noise himself.

It is a mistake to call for order in general terms, however quietly it may be done.

It is a mistake to ask questions to pupils in rotation.

No pupil should ever know who is likely to receive a question until it has been given.

It is a mistake to repeat a question for the sake of those who do not hear it the first time.

It is a mistake to think of interesting a class without some preparation. Scholars are not fools.

It is a mistake to know too much at all times.

It is a mistake to differ from generally received opinions, just to show one's independence of other people's conviction.

It is a mistake to turn away from the central thought of the lesson studied, to talk on other matters.

It is a mistake to teach with more levity than gravity.

### A SUPERINTENDENT'S MISTAKES.

In being too cold and distant for children to love; in giving half of his hand to his teachers or scholars.

In being too giddy and frolicsome for the children to respect.

In failing to direct the benevolent work of the school in the main to interest others than those at home. A superintendent who does not drill his school in unselfish and world-wide benevolence has much reason to be ashamed.

In not knowing when or how to resign his place gracefully, if it should be desired.

#### MISTAKES ELSEWHERE.

It is a mistake for a pastor to have such a load of intellectual responsibility in preparing sermons as to be absent almost every Sunday from his Sunday-school. We suspect his head is lighter than he thinks it is. Otherwise he might step into the school semi-occasionally, and there be furnished with some thought himself, even from little children.

It is a mistake for a church to shy off from its obligation to carry the finances of its Sunday-school. Who should financially support a school, if not the parents, who, while not going to the school themselves, nevertheless send their children? if not the community, represented in the congregation, blessed by the Sunday-school as by nothing else?

It is a mistake to be afraid of new notions, just for the sake of being regarded as "conservative," or sound in faith."

Solomon is not to be understood as denying all novelty under the sun. Better a "new-fangled notion" than the old ruts and slow coaches of days gone by. Let us have no fear of

"Men, my brothers, men the workers,  
Ever reaping something new."

—*Tennyson.*

#### EXAMPLE.

WE scatter seeds, with careless hand,  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears,  
In weeds that mar the land,  
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say:  
Into still air they seem to fleet—  
We count them ever past;  
But they shall last—  
In the dread judgment they  
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,  
For the love's sake of brethren dear,  
Keep thou the one true way,  
In work and play;  
Lest in that world their cry  
Of woe thou hear.

#### CONTENTMENT.

Two things do I ask of thee; withhold them not from me: Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food needful for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, "Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.—*Agur's Prayer.*

I have learned, in whatever state I am, to be content, I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound; everywhere and in all things I have been taught both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want. I can do all things in him who strengtheneth me.—*Paul to the Phillipians.*

Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out, and having food and raiment we will be therewith content. But they that desire to be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is a root of all evils; which some coveting have strayed away from the faith, and have pierced themselves through with many sorrows.—*Paul to Timothy.*

Let the manner of life be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" so that with good courage we say, "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear; what shall man do unto me."—*Epistle to the Hebrews.*

Why may not one live with an easy and light heart, quietly awaiting whatever may happen, and bearing contentedly whatever has happened? shall it be poverty? Bring it, and you shall see what poverty is when it is met well. Would you have power? Bring toils too along with it. Banishment, wherever I go, it will be well with me there; for it was well with me here, not on account of the place, but of the principles which I shall carry away with me; for no one can deprive me of these. On the contrary, they alone are my property, and cannot be taken away; and their

possession suffices me wherever I am or whatever I do.—*Epictetus* (about 100 A.C.).

Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows to them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him, and that it does all that the dæmon wishes, which Zeus hath given to every man for his guardian and guide, a portion of himself.—*Marcus Aurelius* (121-180 A.C.).

The superior man can find himself in no situation in which he is not himself. In a high situation he does not treat with contempt his inferiors. In a humble situation he does not court the favour of his superiors. He rectifies himself, and seeks for nothing from others, so that he has no dissatisfactions. He does not murmur against heaven, nor grumble against men.—*Confucius* (Chinese, 6th cent. B.C.).

I never complained of the vicissitudes of fortune, nor murmured at the ordinances of Heaven, excepting once when my feet were bare, and I had not the means of procuring myself shoes. I entered the great mosque at Cufah with a heavy heart, when I beheld a man who had no feet. I offered up praise and thanksgiving to God for his bounty, and bore with patience the want of shoes.—*Saadi* (Persian, b. 1175).

Let thy alchemist be contentment, and stone or ore shall be equal to thee. The infant, with heart untroubled by avarice, fills its little hand with sand, and knows not that silver has more worth. A small coin makes the beggar rich; but Feridun was not satisfied with a kingdom.—*Id.*

I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Compare thine estate with others.—*Robert Burton* (1576-1639).

Never compare thy condition with those above thee; but, to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not for any interest change thy fortune and condition. There are but a few kings in mankind,

but many thousands who are very miserable, if compared to thee. \* \* \* The very privative blessings, the blessings of immunity, safeguard, liberty, and integrity, which we commonly enjoy, deserve the thanksgiving of a whole life. Thou art quit from a thousand calamities, every one of which, if it were upon thee, would make thee insensible of thy present sorrow.—*Jeremy Taylor* (1613-1667).

Now as they were going along and talking, they spied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance; and as he sat by himself, he sung. Hark, said Mr. Greatheart, to what the shepherd's boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said,

He that is down, needs fear no fall,

He that is low, no pride :

He that is humble ever shall

Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have

Little be it or much :

And, Lord, contentment still I crave,

Because thou savest such.

Then said the guide, do you hear him? I will dare to say this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet.—*John Bunyan* (1628-1688).

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evils of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable. To reprove this instrument of discontent, the ancients feigned that in hell stood a man twisting a rope of hay; and still he twisted on, suffering an ass to eat up all that was finished: so miserable is he who thrusts his passions forwards towards future events, and suffers all that he may enjoy to be lost and devoured by folly and inconsidera-

tion, thinking nothing fit to be enjoyed but that which is not, or cannot be had.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

No man can make another man to be his slave, unless he hath first enslaved himself to life or death, to pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.—*Id.—Unity.*

#### ALL THE CHILDREN.

I SUPPOSE if all the children  
Who have lived through the ages long  
Were collected and inspected,  
They would make a wondrous throng.  
O the babble of the Babel!  
O the flutter and the fuss!  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and woman  
Who are now and who have been,—  
Every nation since creation  
That this world of ours has seen!  
And of all of them, not any  
But was once a baby small!  
While of children, Oh how many  
Have not grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,  
Never used their rosy feet;  
Some have even flown to heaven  
Ere they knew that earth was sweet.  
And, indeed, I wonder whether,  
If we reckon every birth,  
And bring such a flock together,  
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?  
Who their saucy ears will box?  
Who will dress them and caress them?  
Who will darn their little socks?  
Where are arms enough to hold them?  
Hands to pat each shining head?  
Who will praise them? Who will scold  
them?  
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,  
Little savage children, too,  
In all stages, of all ages,  
That our planet ever knew;  
Little princes and princesses,  
Little beggars wan and faint,—  
Some in very handsome dresses,  
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion  
Such a motley crowd would make,  
And the clatter of their chatter,  
And the things that they would break!  
O the babble of the Babel!  
O the flutter and the fuss!  
To begin with Cain and Abel,  
And to finish off with us.

#### THE BOY WHO IMMORTALISED HIMSELF BY LAZINESS.

WHO first employed the expansive force of steam to *do something* is not certainly known. The Marquis of Worcester seems to have come very near to a practical idea, as he did in one or two other of his hundred notions; and after him, Savery, Papin, and Newcomen successively invented new modifications which brought the steam engine almost to its present form, and paved the way for the grand final improvements of Watt. In Papin's engine, the germ of the present principle is first perceived; the steam being made to act upon a piston, or movable plug, enclosed in a cylinder. A little water lay at the bottom of the cylinder, beneath the piston; on fire being applied, the water was converted into steam, which raised the piston; then the fire being removed the cylinder cooled, and the steam condensed into water again, the piston returned to its place. This action was of course too slow to fulfil any practical purpose; but Newcomen followed up the idea, and succeeded in producing a machine capable of pumping water from mines. In this, however, the moving power was not steam, but air; steam was used only as a secondary agent, to enable the atmosphere to do the work. A wooden beam, hung in the middle, was connected at one end with the pump-rod, and at the other with a rod attached to the piston. The pump end of the beam would fall by its own weight, and in so doing would drag up the piston to the top of the cylinder. Steam, generated in a separate boiler, was then admitted to the space underneath, and drove out what air there was through a valve; thereupon, the steam being condensed by the sudden cooling of the cylinder, a vacuum was created, and the pressure of the atmosphere forced the piston slowly down, raising the pump apparatus. With an enormous expenditure of fuel, this engine made only six or eight lumbering strokes per minute; so much time was consumed in cooling the cylinder and condensing the steam. At first, cold water was dashed upon the outside of the cylinder for this pur-

ose ; afterwards, a casing cylinder was employed, into which cold water was alternately admitted and drawn off. An accident, at last, showed a better way. The piston had been packed with tow, grease, and other materials, to keep it air-tight, and to make assurance doubly sure, a layer of water rested on the top. One day a little of this water found its way through while the steam was in, and condensed it as if by magic. The engine suddenly quickened its speed, made two or three lively strokes, and then stopped. The leak was discovered, and the inventor, taking the hint, contrived the means for injecting a stream of cold water at the right moment, and increasing the speed of his engine to fifteen strokes per minute. And now occurred that incident which nobody who describes the steam engine ever fails to relate of the boy who immortalised himself by laziness. His duty was to turn the cock which let the steam in at the bottom of the cylinder, and the one which let cold water in at the top, each at its proper nick of time, or otherwise the engine would dash itself to pieces. It occurred to him to make the valves open and shut themselves by tying their handles with lengths of string to the moving beam overhead, so that he might play while the engine worked. Thus was invented the *scoggan*, from the north-country verb to *scog* or skulk ; and the name of Humphrey Potter went down to posterity with those of Newcomen and Watt.

### POLITENESS AT HOME.

RESOLVE that home shall be the brightest, merriest, happiest spot on earth, and, each keeping the resolution, it will be so. Of all places, the father should be the politest seated in his own home. No mother makes a greater mistake than when she forgets the most delicate etiquette in the presence of the little ones, who learn to read her thoughts before utterance. If you see a boy thoughtful and gentle of speech to his sister, set it down that he has heard those very intonations from his father's lips when addressing that boy's mother.

Hear that daughter snarling out some

pettish response, and you may set it down as the echo of the mother's words. No doubt children inherit bodily disease and mental qualities, but these more often are made a misery or a blessing by the impressions received from superiors, while in childhood. A child cannot always be easily trained to be polite from principle, and yet it is a grand accomplishment. There is a way of saying "I thank you," "You are very kind," "Allow me to assist you," that makes one feel he is in the presence of refinement. We never witness the rosy, healthy miss arise, and ask the old, grey-haired man, tottering upon his cane, to take her comfortable seat, without mentally taking off our hat, and bowing reverently to the mother at home who trained that girl.

### RULES TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

SHUT every door behind you without slamming it.

Carefully clean the mud and snow from your boots before entering the house.

Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room : if you wish to speak to them, go where they are.

Never sit down at the table, or in the parlour, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Do not keep your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

Always speak kindly and politely to servants, if you would have them do the same to you.

When told to do, or not to do, a thing by father or mother, never ask why you should or should not do it.

Tell of your own faults, not of those of your brothers and sisters.

Hide your own little troubles, but watch to help others in theirs.

If from any cause you feel irritable, try the harder to do little pleasant things.

In all pleasures which may come, see that the others have as pleasant a time as you ; put self last.

Let your first, last, and best confidant be your mother.

## ORIGEN.

No one denies that Origen, of the early Christian Church, was one of the most distinguished ministers and writers of the period in defence of Christianity. Nor would any one question that he was a Universalist in his belief, and a Unitarian in his form of worship. He was in full fellowship with the Church. Canon Westcott gives this account of him :—

“Origen was of Christian parentage. The son of a martyr, he earned himself the martyr’s crown through the continuous labours of seventy years. In his case no sharp struggle, no violent change, no slow process, wrought the conviction of faith. He did not, like Justin Martyr, or his immediate predecessors, Pantænus and Clement, find in Christianity, after painful wanderings, that rest which he had sought vainly in the schools of Greek wisdom. He did not, like Tertullian, follow the bent of an uncontrollable and impetuous nature, and close in open schism a life of courageous toil. He did not, like Augustine, come to the truth through heresy, and bear even to the last the marks of the chains by which he had been weighed down. His whole life, from first to last, was fashioned on the same type. It was according to his own grand ideal, “one unbroken prayer,” one ceaseless effort after closer fellowship with the Unseen and the Eternal. No distractions diverted him from the pursuit of divine wisdom. No persecution checked for more than the briefest space the energy of his efforts. He endured a “double martyrdom,” perils and sufferings from the heathen, reproaches and wrongs from Christians; and the retrospect of what he had borne only stirred within him a humbler sense of his shortcomings.

In Origen we have the first glimpse of a Christian boy. He was conspicuous “even from his cradle;” “a great man from his childhood,” is the judgment of his bitterest enemy. From the first the range of his training was complete, his father, Leonidas, after providing carefully for his general education, himself instructed him in Holy Scripture. The boy’s nature answered to the demands which were made upon

him. His eagerness to penetrate to the deeper meaning of the written Word gave early promise of his characteristic power, and it is said that Leonidas often uncovered his breast—his breast, and not his brow—*pectus facit theologum*, as he lay asleep, and kissed it, as though it were already a dwelling place of the Holy Spirit.

When Origen had reached his seventeenth year the persecution under Severus broke out. Leonidas was thrown into prison. Origen was only hindered by the loving device of his mother from sharing his fate. As he was, he wrote to strengthen his father with the simple words, “Take heed, let no thought of us alter your purpose.” Leonidas was martyred; his property was confiscated; and the young student at once entered on the career of independent labour which closed only with his life.

At first Origen supported himself by teaching grammar, the customary subjects of a literary education. But immediately a richer field was opened to him. The Catechetical school, in which he had worked under Pantænus and Clement, was left without a head owing to the fierceness of the persecution. For a time Origen gave instruction in Christianity privately to the heathen who wished to learn. His success was such, that before he was eighteen he was appointed to fill the vacant post of honour and danger—Martyrs—Eusebius enumerates several—passed from his class to death. His own escape seemed to be the work of Providence. Marked and pursued, he still evaded his enemies. His influence grew with his self-devotion, and further experience of his new work stirred him to larger sacrifices. He had collected in earlier times a library of classic authors. This he now sold for an annuity of four obols—sixpence—a day that he might need no assistance from the scholars, who were grieved that they might not help him. So he lived for more than five-and-twenty years labouring almost day and night, and offering such an example of absolute self-denial as won many to the faith of which he showed the power in his own person.

## A NOBLE DANE.

It was during the wars that raged from 1652 to 1660, between Frederick II. of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden, that after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burgher of Flensburg was about to refresh himself, before retiring to have his wounds dressed, with a draught from a wooden bottle, when an imploring cry from a wounded Swede, lying on the field, made him turn round, and saying, "Thy need is greater than mine," he kneeled down to the fallen enemy to pour the water into his mouth. His requital was a pistol shot in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede. "Rascal," he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return. Now I will punish you. I meant to have given you the whole bottle, now you shall have only half." And drinking half himself, he gave the rest to the Swede.

The king, hearing the story, sent for the burgher, and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sire," said the honest burgher, "I could never kill a wounded enemy." "Thou deservest to be a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him for armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow. This story is told by Miss Yonge in her "Book of Golden Deeds," and a beautiful story it is. When there is much bleeding, there is always great grief. The cries for water are dreadful to hear on a field of battle.

## RELATIVE AGE OF ANIMALS.

THE average age of cats is 15 years; of squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; of rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years, a wolf 20, a fox 14 to 16; lions are long-lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of 70. Elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Persus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him

go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 20, and the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Malerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

## UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

UNDER the shade of the chestnut tree,  
Sadly blooming alone,  
And thinking of those who so oft with me  
Had watched the sunset o'er yonder sea—  
But those happy days were gone!

Shall I never see my dear ones again?  
Never hear their loved voices more?  
Must I sigh for ever, but all in vain,  
For a single word to ease this pain,  
Ere I pass to the other shore?

'Twas the bright spring time, and beneath  
my feet,

The primrose and violet grew;  
And the birds were singing, as if to greet  
The budding trees and flowers so sweet,  
That were dressed in their robes so new.

Then a beautiful thought was whispered  
to me—

By my guardian angel, I know—  
"Those trees and flowers that so fair you  
see,

Seemed dead, as thy loved ones seemed to  
thee,

Though it is not really so.  
"They are only gone for a few short years,  
You will meet them all again,  
When God shall dry all the mourners'  
tears,  
And there shall be no more pain."

So now, in the shade of the chestnut tree,  
I dream a dream a dream so sweet;  
For I know, though my darlings I cannot  
see,

They are waiting and watching with love  
o'er me,

'Till in heaven once more we meet.

L. F.

## A MOTHER'S MARK.

THE influence and far reaching effect of a pious mother are beautifully and strongly portrayed in an ancient narrative, which I would transcribe for the benefit of youthful readers and the interest of all.

Charlotte de Bourbon, as her name intimates, was a French woman, and at the time our story begins, a very little maiden. Her father was the Duke of Montpensier, and a rigid Romanist; he had decided to devote his daughter to the life of a nun, and the nunnery of Jonarre, in Normandy, was to be the scene of her sacrifice. Charlotte's mother was a friend to the Protestant cause in France, and could not in her mind consent to such a course for her dear young daughter. But the duke had an iron will, and resolved *his* desires should be carried out. And so they were, yet witness how the workings of the evil are over-ruled, and bring about the very things they do not wish. Charlotte's mother used often, while the little child remained to her, to retire to a private chamber, and there read, pray, and instruct the docile maiden in the truths of the Bible. Behold a mother well employed, and the seeds thus early sown shall yet spring for man's good and God's glory! Charlotte had just entered on her teens when her father took her from the mother, and committed her to the tender mercies of the nunnery at Jonarre.

It was a great trial to the child, whose own home was so pleasant and desirable, and to whom the world presented a bright aspect, to be thus shut up in a gloomy place. Her heart naturally revolted, and it was long ere she got resigned. And *did* she grow resigned? Yes, after years within the walls of Jonarre, and after her dear mother had passed away from earth, she tried to find peace for her spirit somewhere, and vainly imagined she had found in the sacrifice of her life, and the faithful discharge of her duties as a nun. Her present instructors took diligent pains to impress their mistaken views upon the gentle mind of the young girl, and so inviting was her character every way, that at a very early

age Charlotte was raised to be the principal of the convent—the lady abness of Jonarre.

After a time Protestant tracts found their way into this nunnery, and the lady abness read one which, under the blessing of God's Spirit, turned to the whole tenor of her mind. She recalled her dear mother's teachings in that private room beneath the roof of her youth's home, and in her soul renouncing error, embraced heartily and forever the faith that sustained her mother in life and the hour of death.

The course of the convent, heretofore so pleasing because she imagined heaven was thereby to be bought, now became to Charlotte another name for vanity and sin. But what was she to do? Bound hand and foot, so to speak, what could she do? She did the best thing under the circumstances, her friends being all Romanists; that is, she set about instructing her nuns in the way of true righteousness, teaching them of Christ, and disclaiming all hope of heaven through their own merits. There was Jesus Christ, and he alone, or at least, preached in a nunnery, and that by the lady-abness herself.

Civil war began to rage throughout France. The Huguenots and Romanists were at deadly strife, and the clash of arms resounded even to the walls of Jonarre. The gates of the convent flew open and the nuns were scattered. Charlotte made her way in disguise across the country, and paused not until she reached Heidelberg, in Germany, where were many Protestants, and among whom she professed her Christian faith. When all this became known, great was the indignation of the Romanists—to think of a lady-abness the daughter of a duke, and of the royal family of France, renouncing the belief of her fathers! The duke himself considering the whole matter as a personal disgrace, threatened never to forgive Charlotte; and as if to show his resentment, rushed into the war with the Huguenots more fiercely than before. It was no spirit of self-will, no stubbornness that led Charlotte to brave her father's displeasure; she would gladly have obeyed him in all else than to give up Christ, and this she could not

The issue then was "with Christ or against him;" and so she turned from an earthly parent, still revered, to Christ the Saviour of her soul. Sad that such issues ever rise, when a parent should be the very one to lead a youthful child to God, and in the ways of God!

The Netherlands, or low countries, holding many Protestants, contended with their masters of Spain, and after long contest secured independence, making their leader, William of Orange, the ruler of the new country. In the providence of God, Charlotte de Bourbon became the wife of William, Prince of Orange. The former nun, now the Princess and first lady in the Netherlands! You would expect such a woman to make a faithful wife and mother, and so she did. When her husband was wounded by an assassin, she nursed him night and day, also comforting him by her words of holy trust. He recovered, and she soon after sunk into ill health, and after a life of wonderful events and changes, merging into wonderful quiet and prosperity on earth even, she passed away to enter on the everlasting rest of heaven.

We come now to speak of the line of descent directly from the nun of Jonnarre (once) to the present Queen of England, noble Victoria. Louisa, daughter of Charlotte, Princess of Orange, was the wife of Frederick IV., and grandmother to Sophia, Duchess of Brunswick, who was the mother of George I., of England, whose great grandson, the Duke of Kent, was the father of Victoria, present sovereign of Great Britain. Thus does Queen Victoria derive her descent from the pious nun of Jonnarre.

#### WHAT THE BIRDS ACCOMPLISH.

The swallow, swift, and nighthawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes, and larks protect the surface of the soil. Snipe and woodcocks protect the soil

under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept off the face of the earth, man could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die; insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attack.

The wholesale destruction occasioned by grasshoppers, which have lately devastated some places, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hens, &c., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist by the birds, is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare your birds and save your fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the quantities of noxious insects they destroy. The long persecuted crow has been found, by actual experience, to do more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours, than the harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.

#### TO MOTHER.

My mother! I have seen thy face

At last in death's sweet peace,

And I no longer try to trace

Why thou didst seek release;

For there is such unspoken joy

Now in thy moveless rest,

That mortal cannot words employ

To tell how thou art blest.

I know thou art for ever gone

From all our love and care;

They've hid thee 'neath the cold grave stone,

Far from our longing prayer;

But oh! thou art not far away,

Despite the veiling sod;

For thou must ever with us stay

Because thou art with God.

Oh! have I heard thee speak of heaven

When standing by thy knee,

But now thy life is from me riven,

That fair sweet home I see;

Not now, as once, through wondering fears,

But at my very heart;

For at the fountain of my tears,

Oh! mother dear! thou art.

Oh! never let my lips then say

To thee that word "farewell,"

That would a foreign thought betray

On which I cannot dwell;

For while affection's tear can own

A place on memory's tide,

Mother! thy spirit and my own

Are mingling side by side.

T. H. M. S.

The Glebe, Dunmurry.

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A FAIR ANSWER.—“Young man,” said a minister to a youth of his congregation, “do you know what relations you sustain in the world?” “Yes, sir; two cousins and a grandmother.”

THE SCOTCH SUNDAY.—An English artist travelling through Scotland had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the North. To while away the time he was taking a walk, when the ruins of a castle met his eye. He asked a person who was passing to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply rather startled him; “It’s no’ the day to be spierin’ sic things.”

THE STATION TO STOP AT.—A little boy aged six, was “playing at train” with his sister, aged two-and-a-half years. Having placed her on a footstool he imagined himself both engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of steam he stopped and called out “London,” and in a minute or two “Glasgow,” and then near by exhausted at the next place he cried “Heaven.” His little sister then said eagerly, “Top, I’ll det out here.”

THE STRAWBERRY FEAST.—“Have you enjoyed our strawberry festival, boys?” “Oh, yes, sir!” “Then,” asked the teacher, seeking to append a moral, “if you had slipped into my garden and picked those strawberries without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?” Every little boy in that stained and sticky company shrieked out: “No, sir!” “Why not?” “‘Cause,” said little Thomas, with the cheerfulness of conscious virtue, “then we shouldn’t have had sugar and cream with ‘em.”

THE INHABITANTS OF HEAVEN.—The story runs that once Whitfield was preaching from the text, “In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.” He began, “Father Abraham,” with his hands and eyes gracefully directed to the heavens, “Father Abraham, who have you there with you! Have you any Catholics?” “No.” “Have you any Protestants?” “No.” “Have you any Episcopalians?” “No.” “Have you any Dissenters?” “No.” “Have you any Presbyterians?” “No.” “Have you any Anabaptists?” “No.” “Have you any Pagans?” “No.” “Have you any Christians?” “No.” “Who have you there? Are you alone in the glory of the heavens?” “No.” And the answer came sounding from the skies in the words, “In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him.”

A GENTLE HINT.—“Jane,” cried a fond mother, sticking her head out of the bedroom door, “it’s eleven o’clock. Tell the young man please shut the front door—from the outside.”

A BIBLE IMPRESSION.—“Sammy, my boy what are you crying for.” “Bill throwed the Bible at me and hit me on the head.” “Well, you are the only one in my family on whom the Bible ever made any impression.”

AMUSING.—Teachers are often on a Sunday sufficiently paid by the answers they get to their questions from some of their little ones; as for instance the teacher asks the question—The man going from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among what? Bright Pupil—He fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked him.

HINT TO THE CLERGY.—A clergyman had for one of his parishioners a janitor who was up so late at nights attending to his fires that he almost invariably fell asleep in his pew on Sundays. The clergyman sharply rebuked him for his inattention, and closed by saying: “If you can’t keep awake any other way, put some red pepper in your boots.” To which the janitor testily replied: “Put some in your sermon.”

A WEDDING JOURNEY.—One of the most significant incidents in the life of William Howitt, who died a month or two since, is that of his wedding journey. More than fifty years ago he married a pretty little Quaker girl, and after the ceremony, the young couple, healthy, sweet tempered and happy, set out to make a tour of England on foot. They climbed the hills, fished in the streams, loitered along hawthorn lanes. They learned to know each other face to face with nature. The charm and sunshine of that summer must have thrown its benignant light down the long pathway to the grave which they trod together.

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